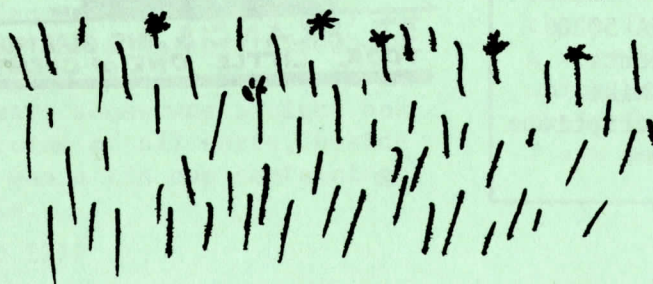


God still made the world.

Each man shall sit under his own vine
And in the shade of his own tree
he'll sing a song
he'll dance a step he saw before
And sing a verse he heard somewhere
Then he'll think about the shade
the tree, the vine, the thought
And realize he will

That it is His own vine indeed
And under His vine he'll dream a dream
About a garden, food for the hungry
About a house, room for the many
And three thousand years ago or more
Somebody had the dream before
And three thousand years away from now
Somebody might just dream it again,
And he'll still be sitting under His own vine.
A vine that I know, will never die.

" " " " " Ed Polich " " "



" " " " " via pacis
" " " " " (the way of peace)
Des Moines
Catholic Worker House
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April, 1977

Part of the Catholic Worker tradition is the "round table discussion" where people join together to verbalize and clarify thoughts. The liturgy is celebrated every Friday at the house (713 Indiana, one block north of University) at 8 p.m., followed by a discussion.

Apr. 1: Community Gardening; Malcolm MacKenzie, teacher corps intern at Edmunds school, talks about the inner-city gardening project at Edmunds.

Apr. 8: Good Friday; no liturgy or discussion

Apr. 15: The Community for Creative Non-Violence; Lee Miller, of this Washington-based group leads the discussion, followed at 10 p.m. by a Tax Day vigil at the post office.

Apr. 22: The Catholic Worker in the Mid West; Members from Catholic Worker Communities in Davenport, Omaha, Milwaukee, Kansas City and other places will join in a discussion.

Apr. 29: Catholic Social Action; Natalie Reese of the Catholic Council for Social Concern leads.

May 6: Folk Songs and a History of Ireland; with Sr. Eve Kavanagh.

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A very long time ago, when I was quite young and small, I did a thing, no great big thing, but still a thing that lives within me though I am no longer young and small. I had short, short hair; my father always wore a hat; a dime bought twinkies; and we ate dinner at grandpa's every Sunday. Russia was the enemy; a general was the president; television was no novelty; and Willie Mays made catches the like of which have not been seen again.



The thing I did was done in the warm sun of late spring, when one could drown in the fresh greenness of my Indiana. I went to town with my mother, the why is of no concern. We walked the sidewalks, I peering into every window, she in a hurry to be done and back home. We passed a sort of man I had never seen and not seen since. He was sitting on a wooden crate, wearing very dark glasses and seemingly elsewhere. Beside him was a cane and before his heavy shoes was a cigar box with coins of all sorts, beside which was a tin cup containing pencils.

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We walked on by. A few store windows down I tugged Mom's dress and quietly asked for a coin. "Why?" "To put in his box." I received the quarter with "thank-you" and ran back to this strange man. I was frightened, not knowing what to do or what to expect. I dropped the quarter in the box. I stood huffing and puffing, as much from fear as from exertion. The man looked at me kindly, but in a funny way, as if not really sure. "Thank you. Please take a pencil." I quickly grabbed a red one. As I was turning to speed away, I got out "Thank you," surely unheard by the beggar.

As I said before, that was a long, long time ago. I haven't seen a beggar of that sort since. The world has changed a great deal. Last time I looked, twinkies cost 29¢. I have changed too. I'm six-feet-two, weigh 200 pounds and have a pony-tail.

But I know I haven't changed that much. I still say thank you to those who give me money, food and clothes to give away; and I say thank you to our guests as they turn the corner at the end of the block on their way to some other place.

But sometimes the thought comes to me that the world hasn't changed that much either. A few days back two very young and very small people came in our door with their father. One child clutched a very big jar of grape jelly which he gave to me. And, yes, in their frightened, questioning eyes, I saw me. Thank you.

--Mike Smith

Lately we have been tossing the term "community" around a lot. "Our community is this" or "What is best for the community" or "How can we get our extended community more involved?" This has a lot to do with the fact that we are now a foursome instead of a threesome. Mike Smith has joined our house and shares many of the responsibilities of house management with Joe. Ed and I have full time jobs.

We now have a set aside time for staff meetings where we talk about anything and anybody that has to do with the house and hospitality. At times one might feel that our staff meetings are intensive sensitivity sessions for personal hygiene. As I reflect on the time spent in intra-staff clarification, I must admit that there is energy spent in clearing the air among ourselves which I would call basic house cleaning (e.g. establishing trust, owning up to one's own limits, accepting others and realizing you are responsible for your own communications.)

Some of us are quite skilled in such "touchy--feely" techniques (Joe has a B.A. in communications, Mike has a B.A. in philosophy and extensive counselling experience, I had a C.P.E. requirement toward my M.D. degree.)

Through all of this, I can't help but remember what Phil Berrigan said in Iowa City in the fall of '75: "Community is not clinical." I believe Phil to be right. We "white, college educated Americans" are constantly submerged in a Carl Roger personal introspection mileau of a narcissism in which we expend

CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY

AND
THE

CATHOLIC WORKER



Rita Corbin

great amounts of energy affirming "I'm o.k. you're o.k." without ever getting out of our own neuroses.

In recent times, we see a great search for the right therapy group, or the pilgrimage to Southern California to get in touch with ourselves. The religious sequel to this secular narcissism might well be the many "christian" communities that are springing up all over. These communities basically view the person of Jesus as a "warm fuzzy." Someone who you can get close to and makes you feel good and warm inside. For these people community means people they can come together with and share this warm fuzzy feeling.

Our society is constantly trapped in mind games; we are rarely able to break through our "TV reality"

and face the ugliness of ourselves and others. That ugliness that Christ embraced unto himself and loved despite its abrasiveness.

It is the example of Christ that we are able to follow in community. I quote Catherine de Hueck Doherty in her book The Gospel Without Compromise on the foundations of Christian Community:

Communities and communes are not made in a day, nor can they be set up by an order from the "top" somewhere. They cannot be formed merely by a desire to "be together," to "be less lonely." Such motives cannot make a group of people into a community. A community is an organic reality...There must be a cause, a reason which makes a group band together in the first place. And the reason

must be greater than oneself, greater even than the good of the collective... the people in such communities realize that they come together, not for any ordinary reason (for example, to "return to the land") but to incarnate in society the law of love.

Incarnated love, that's the difference! And what a difference! A Catholic Worker house of hospitality's focus is so real, so concrete that there is little room for "mind games," no room for our modern day narcissism. Simply, time to offer shelter to those in need, food for those who are hungry, clothes for those who are naked. Our friends who come to our house as guests are in fact "too real." So real that we often try to hide in one or another of our own illusions. The foundation for our Christian community here at the Catholic Worker is one that continuously tries to strip away our illusions of each other and our guests so that we can be about the business of recognizing Christ, moving towards that Christ, and standing with that Christ.

A task that is so obviously bigger than any one individual or even the totality of our whole community, yet never more concrete and particular than the next guest that comes to our door. It is this focus that brings us four, Joe, Ed, Mike and myself, together and if sometimes we do our own "housecleaning" at our staff meetings it is only done so that we may be about our task. Pray for our work.

Peace, Frank

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Slowly, the old man backed the tractor into place and lowered the plow. As he cautiously pulled forward, weedy sod and sun dried earth tumbled head over heels to display rich Iowa soil. In a few hours time, three vacant inner-city lots became ready for some basic gardening.

Working for social change takes a good deal of ground breaking, also. In the past several weeks, two men in particular moved forward, turning our soil, preparing it for the planting of seeds of change.

Our foreign policy, yours and mine, is guilty of oppression throughout the world was Jim Sinnott's message. Jim spent 15 years as a Maryknoll missionary in South Korea, and was finally expelled when he was vocal in support of human rights.

"It is said that Henry Kissinger's favorite word in foreign policy was stability. Our foreign policy depends on stable governments. Democracy is messy. So America continues to support an oppressive dictatorship in South Korea because it is stable."

Although Jim spent 14 years in a non-challenging role as a hospital administrator, he finally felt compelled to enter the political arena, as the condition of human rights gradually deteriorated. After eight persons were executed for so called "crimes against the state," Jim's reputation in standing up for human rights caused the South Korean government to deny the renewal of his visa.

Igal Roodenko believes "we've got to find, within the next generation



or two, some ways of engaging in our conflicts without killing each other. The alternative is to come closer and closer to the precipice where all life becomes extinct."

Igal's speech and manner reinforces the non-violent lifestyle he advocates. Serving 20 months in prison rather than cooperating with the military in World War II, he has since continued to take personal action against inhumanity and violence.

One of Igal's favorite thoughts echoes a theory of a Jewish philosopher. The difference between the prophet and the priest is that the prophet has a message so important that he must shout it, even if it means going into the desert where only the sand and desert animals can hear. The priest must stand in the marketplace and present his message so that people can understand. The priest needs the prophet for creativity, and the prophet needs

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the priest so people will hear his message.

Igal quickly adds that no one person is solely priest or solely prophet, but rather a combination of the two. Both Igal and Jim spoke with prophetic voices, breaking ground in raising awareness of human rights, yet carried their message to people in a priestly fashion.

And in the shadow of some monuments of impersonality, the Holiday Inn and the Ruan tower, vacant inner-city residential land has been broken to hopefully provide nourishment for its gardeners. A simple action, very personal, yet prophetic and priestly.

The ground is rich. It should be a good crop.

--Joe Da Via

~~1976 Federal Income Tax~~ ain't gonna
~~Form 1040~~ pay for
war no more

The less you have of Caesar's, the less you have to render to Caesar.

--Fr. Vincent McNabb

Tax Day, April 15, is the day many Americans file income tax returns, paying Caesar his due for the government programs we depend on.

Despite campaign promises by President Carter to the contrary, it appears that payments to the military for past, present and future wars will still consume about 60% of the federal budget. The sanity of such a large appropriation is questionable, since many of our cities are deteriorating for lack of the funding a portion of this 60% could provide.

In terms of economics, payment of these taxes can be seen as "dollar-votes:" every dollar

we agree to pay our government for our so-called defence continues to support oppression throughout the world. And, conversely, refusal to pay these taxes is a no vote against this action.

One action many taxpayers are making this year is adding a note to their federal tax returns, asking the regional director of the IRS, since the taxes are being paid under protest, that their be a legal alternative to paying war taxes. The World Peace Tax Fund, currently under consideration by congress, would provide this alternative.

On Tax Day, several of us will leaflet last minute tax form mailers at the Main Post office on Second Avenue. Please join us for a liturgy at 8 p.m. at the house, and for this "voting with our feet" against military expenditures and for human rights.

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Personal love

It is not love in the abstract that counts. Men have loved a cause as they have loved a woman. Men have loved the brotherhood, the workers, the poor, the oppressed-- but they have not loved man, they have not loved the least of these. They have not loved "personally!" It is hard to love. It is the hardest thing in the world, naturally speaking. Have you ever read Tolstoi's Resurrection? He tells of political prisoners in a long prison train, enduring chains and persecution for their love of their brothers, ignoring those same brothers on the long trek to Siberia. It is never the brother right next to us, but brothers in the abstract that are easy to love.

--Dorothy Day

